

Good Morning

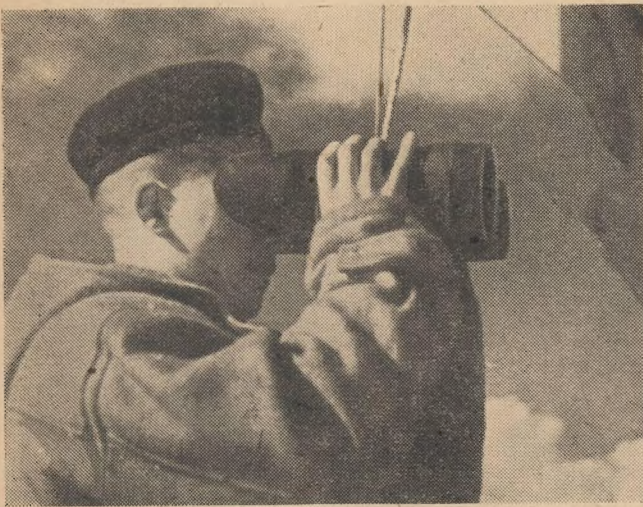
S15

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

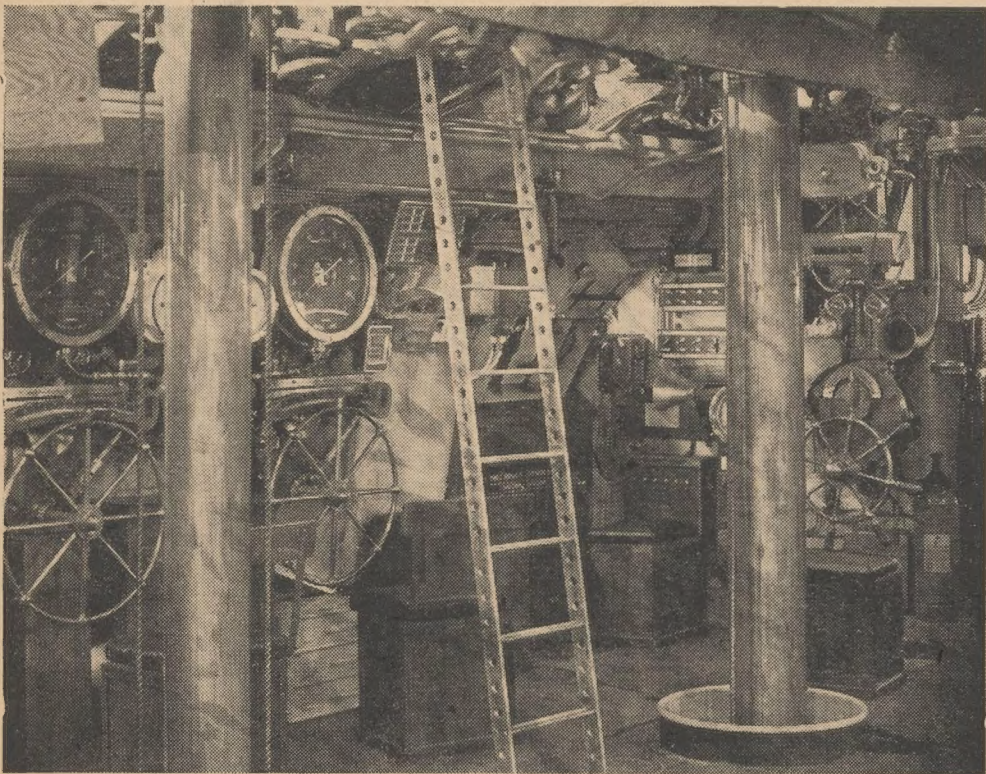
LOOK OUT FOR—

“CLOSE QUARTERS”

By RONALD RICHARDS



A shot from the film.



Can you see any flaws here? This is one of the studio “sets” in the film, and is a replica of the control-room of a submarine, reconstructed with full Admiralty co-operation, and under the supervision of an engineer lent by them from a submarine building depot. We think the “actors” would have spotted any lacking detail and the Crown Film Unit did a good job of work.



A Norwegian, temporary guest of the submarine, has his first experience of attack by enemy destroyers. With him is a member of “Tyrant’s” crew.

★ Submariners have many times complimented “Good Morning” on keeping away from “shop.” This departure, giving a comprehensive review of the Crown Film Units documentary picture, will be accepted as of special interest in that the actors are submariners and that most of the film was made in a submarine at sea. Particularly interesting is the picture (on this page) of the only studio set—the reconstructed control room in which some shots were taken.

BIGGEST show news for you concerns your own film, “Close Quarters,” a Crown Film Unit production, much of which was made in H.M.S. “Tribune.” The technicalities of the film are best judged by you, though I might mention that the cast (all submariners) think it was fairly accurate.

However, there are one or two things I would like to say.

Firstly, if this is the authentic record of the Submarine Branch, why, why, why should it be shown in London as a supporting feature to a Bob

Hope comedy? You know how I idolise Hope, but even so, I think this is a gross example of bad showmanship and very poor taste.

I’m not trying to sell you to yourselves, but the public feeling must be that if it were not for you, Bob Hope’s film never would have got here.

“Close Quarters” is an epic, and it tells the true story of the people who are always in the minds of everyone at home. I repeat, then, why should Hope and that sulky, silky Lamour come first?

The distributors told me, “Well, it was the same with ‘Desert Victory’ and other documentary films.”

The manager of a London theatre where “Close Quarters” was first screened publicly, explained that although he, without a doubt, thinks it deserves top billing, the Hope film was booked months ago, and contracts have to be kept. It was impossible to book “Close Quarters” because the makers, the Ministry of Information, did not give any notice of date of completion or release date.

Well, now let’s get back to the film itself.

True to their belief that no one can drive a bus like a bus driver, Crown Films recruited every one of their players from men serving in His Majesty’s Submarines for “Close Quarters,” which was filmed partly at sea in a submarine, which went through its usual daily manoeuvres, whilst the camera recorded what happened above and below decks; and partly at the studio, where a full-size replica of the submarine was constructed by the Art Department of Crown Film



The gun-crew of “Tyrant” go into action.

Unit from the blue-prints supplied by the Admiralty.

Only girl

During the making of this film the Crown Film Unit spent a number of weeks on location in a submarine base in the North. The whole unit spent day after day aboard the submarine, and Gwen Bartle, the continuity girl, is probably the first girl to sail aboard a submarine whilst in commission.

Except for the continuity girl’s part in the making of the film, “Close Quarters” is an all-male job. Only one short sequence shows a party of W.R.N.S. in the background; other than this, no woman appears in the screen in the whole film.

The story deals with a typical patrol of one of H.M. Submarines, and shows to the landsman what life is like whilst on patrol.

The submarine, called in the film H.M.S. “Tyrant,” during its patrol sinks an enemy submarine, rescues four Norwegian fishermen endeavouring to reach the English coast, and then gets an unusual thrill when it sights, and sinks, a floating dock being towed along the coast.

Based on facts

All these incidents are based upon actual happenings. Only recently the Admiralty announced that a British submarine had sunk an enemy U-boat.

The small boat seen in the film, from which the Norwegians were rescued—frail-looking craft though it is—was actually used by three Norwegians who sailed across the North Sea to escape to this country. The incident of the sinking of the floating dock actually happened early in the war, as you may recall.

Some unusual shots have been obtained by the cameraman, who has managed to get a “periscope-eye view” as the submarine submerges. This was obtained by putting a camera in a water-tight box and fixing it to the periscope. At the last moment the camera

was set in motion, and it records what is seen in the periscope as the submarine sinks lower into the water until not even the periscope is above the surface.

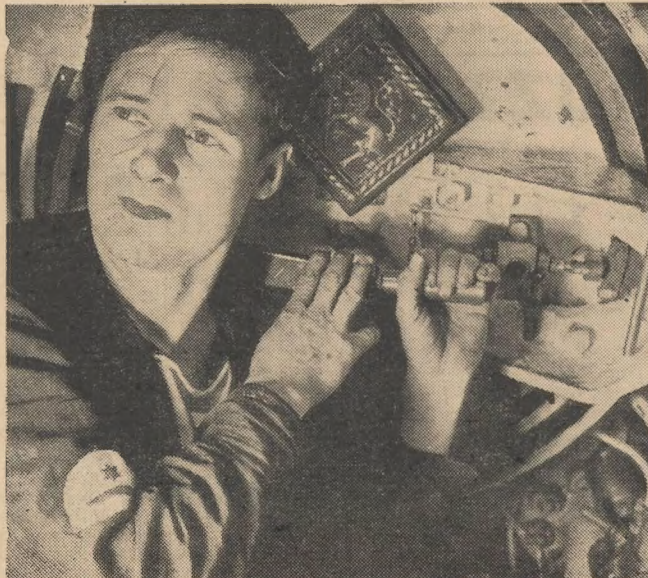
There is none of this tiresome heroics stuff in “Close Quarters.” It is just a straightforward story of a typical patrol acted by typical submariners.

I found it easy to get acquainted with the cast because of their naturalness and plain speaking. Take “Brigham Young,” for instance. No actor I have seen on celluloid could draw so much feeling from so few lines. Then the skipper, a cool, calm, inspiring sort of chap, who might easily out-Flynn Errol Flynn. To his friends, this officer is known as Greg. He has a D.S.O. and bar. Produced by Ian Dalrymple, the film runs for one hour fifteen minutes.

To the general public I would have no hesitation about recommending “Close Quarters” to you—well, you know what it is; you must choose for yourselves. It’s an outstanding film, anyway.

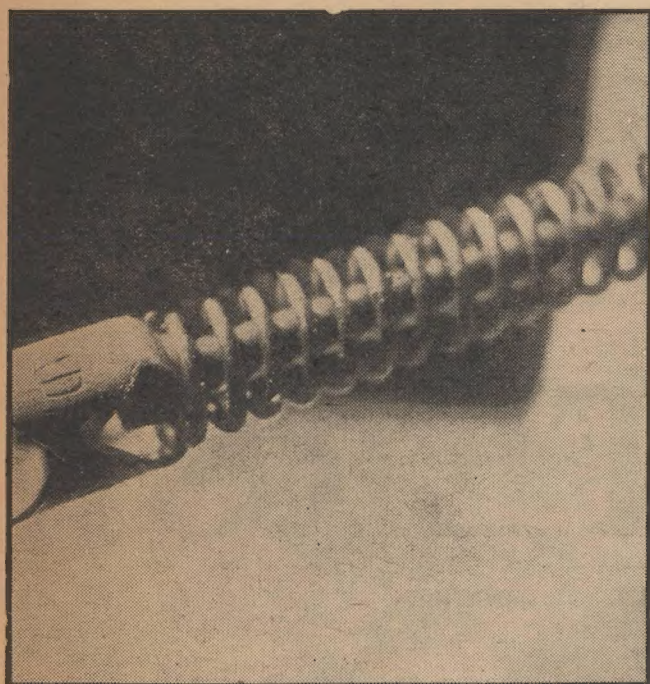


Captain S. and staff officer will no doubt be familiar to many who read “Good Morning.” They are shown in the office of a Depot Ship.



A torpedo-room shot. Does anyone recognise the lad—or the crest on the door of the tube?

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's a picture puzzle for motorists this week. The answer to last week's issue was the sting of a stinging nettle.

Hawkins of the Jesus

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

FOR sheer adventure and courage few stories of the sea can surpass the voyage of Master (later Sir) John Hawkins, who in 1564 undertook the trip to Guinea and "the Indies of Nova Hispania." It was one of the first ever taken.

Hawkins's ship was the "Jesus," a vessel of 700 tons. Accompanying her was the "Tiger," a barke of 50 tonnes, another of 30 tonnes, and "a shippe of 140 tonnes," as the old chroniclers have it.

It seemed as if fate was against them from the beginning, for as they sailed out of Plymouth on the 18th of October "a marvellous misfortune happened to one of the officers in the shippe, who by the pullie of the sheat was slaine out of hand, being a sorrowfull beginning to all."

Bad weather prevailed all the way down to Finisterre, so bad that Hawkins made a ruling that the smaller ships had to

speak the "Jesus" twice daily, and orders were issued that "if in the day the Ensigne bee over the poepe of the 'Jesus,' or in the night two lights, then shall the shippes speake with her; if there be three lights aboard the 'Jesus,' then doth she cast about. . . . Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keepe good companie." Such were the sailing orders of this strange expedition which went a-roving, in spite of Spanish opposition—and the crews of the ships numbered "one hundredth three score and tenne."

On the 4th November they sighted the island of Madeira, and on the 6th Teneriffe, "which they thought to have been the Canarie." At Teneriffe they had their first brush with the Spaniards, who then claimed half the world.

The Governor, Senor Nicholas de Ponte, refused them landing, and had a "vast" array of men drawn up to oppose it; but gallant John Hawkins had his pinnace rowed ashore, leaped out alone, and advanced defiantly, offering to fight for the right to land. The Governor compromised, and agreed to give the British ships the necessities they wished to buy.

The Camel—liveth hardly

Here for the first time the adventurers saw camels. Hawkins made note of these strange beasts, and recorded that

"the propertie of the camel is that hee is taught to kneele at the taking of his loade and unlading againe; of understanding very good, but of shape very deformed, with a little bellie long misshapen legs and feete very broad of flesh, without a hoof saving a great toe. This beaste liveth hardly."

They saw other wonders, such as a tree that "raineth continually . . . but it is known to be a Divine matter and a thing ordained by God."

After leaving Teneriffe they passed down the coast of Africa, reached Dominica, watered, and sailed again for Margarita, where again the Governor "would neither come to speake with our Captain nor give him leave to traffick." But this governor tried further to palm a trick on the Englishmen.

He secretly sent word to the Viceroy of the islands that Englishmen had arrived, and the Viceroy sent messages throughout the islands to withhold trade from them, and that their advances should be resisted by force of arms.

It became for Hawkins's men a matter of fighting their way



SIR JOHN HAWKINS

throughout the islands, trading where possible, and putting fear into the Spaniards, who had made slaves of the natives and compelled them to bring in gold from the rivers and mines.

Storms, bad anchorage, lack of provisions began to tell on the crew of the "Jesus," who had by this time lost company with the other ships of the "fleet." They lost three anchors at Curacao, having to ride in the open sea when sudden gales bore down on them.

At Cabo de la vela Hawkins went ashore in his pinnace to try for trade again, but the natives were willing, although afraid of the Spaniards; whereupon Hawkins sent word to the Spaniards that if they forbade

Comedians Corner

At tea, the elderly lady exclaimed, "Professor, you simply must share my joy—yesterday I became a grandmother." The Professor, slightly absent-minded, replied, "Heartiest congratulations, and on your feet so soon—what a marvellous constitution!"

SHAUN McALLISTER.

trade they could take up their arms, for trade he intended.

The Spanish rulers then offered such a small price for his goods that Hawkins immediately refused, and wrote a letter saying that "since they had sent this for his supper he would bring them as good a breakfast."

At dawn he fired one of his guns in warning, and landed a hundred men in armour, while in the boats there were small guns fixed in the bows.

Brag—then flight

The Spaniards came down in battle array, with drums and ensigns displayed, a host of men, "making great bragge with their cries and weaving us ashore." But Hawkins ordered two of the small guns in the boats to be fired off, and the whole army of the enemy dropped their arms and fled at the sound—all but a party of horsemen.

These stood their ground, and Hawkins, scenting a real fight, waved his men ashore. The horsemen, who had been coursing up and down the beach, armed with javelins and shielded by white shields, then drew away and "consulted what they should doe," ultimately sending a messenger to ask what was wanted. Hawkins replied they knew well, and that he came in peace to trade, but if they refused, then he would fight them.

The Spaniards tried to lead the adventurers into a trap by pretending that trade would be done, but the Englishmen must march towards the town down a narrow defile. Half-way down an attack was made from the surrounding high ground.

GREAT STORIES OF THE SEA

Hawkins, however, had suspected this trick, and instead of retreating, he and his men pushed on down the slope, fighting every inch of the way, and arrived at the town, which they found barricaded. They breached the barricades, slew the defenders, and took hostages, one of these being the town's treasurer, and holding them until they were ransomed.

For the first time the Englishmen saw here, in a deep river which they crossed to get back to their ship, "many Crocodiles of sundry thickneses, some as big as a boat, which creatures have four feet, a long broad mouth and a taile, whose skin is so hard that a sword will not pierce it. This creature liveth in the water as a frog doth, but he is a great devourer. When he wanteth his prey he will sobbe like a Christian body to provoke them to come to him."

The next port of call was Hispaniola, for beef, then they sailed for Jamaica, where a Spanish prisoner, who offered to act as pilot, misled them, so they got rid of him.

They touched at the Tortugas, ran into shoals, lost a boatload of men in a gale, and did not find them again for many weeks, during which time the boat had landed her men on the coast of Florida, and discovered there a company of Frenchmen living a life of ease among Indians, whom they made do all the work.

Snake-eaters

Here they found the Frenchmen had discovered gold and pearls in abundance. Of beasts, they saw unicorns, deer, conies, polecats, tigers and leopards. Adders, too, were in abundance, and these the Frenchmen ate, "to no little admiration of us."

Having loaded up with many treasures, and taken a precise list of the various kinds of trees and beasts of the islands and mainland of Florida, Hawkins decided to sail for home.

Sailing north, he was met by three big Spanish ships that tried to intercept him; but the "Jesus" sank two, mauled the third, and continued on her course.

It was a hard voyage. Contrary winds kept them back, storms threw them out of their course, provisions were exhausted, sickness broke out.

"We were," says Hawkins in his record, "divers times (or rather for the most part) in despaire of ever cumming home, had not God in his goodness provided for us. In which great miserie we were provoked to call on him in fervent prayer which moved him to hear us."

God saved them

They found themselves near Newfoundland, and there they fished and caught many cod on St. Bartholomew's Eve, and so were relieved.

But the gales continued for more than a week, and the "Jesus" crew would have starved had not they met a French ship laden with cod. Hawkins bought a further supply from the Frenchmen, "who were glad to meet such good entertainment" (probably expecting to be captured or sunk), and on that supply of cod the voyage was continued.

On the 20th September, 1566, the "Jesus" arrived at Padstow, Cornwall, having lost in the great adventure twenty persons, but bringing great profit to the whole realm, and laden with "golde, silver, pearles, and other jewels in great store. For which God be thanked and his name praised evermore, amen."

It was Hawkins and the "Jesus" that blazed the trail for Drake, Raleigh and the others who followed. No wonder he is known as "a valiant knight."

Beneath the Surface

With AL MALE

Ah, why should life all labour be?—Alfred Tennyson (The Lotus Eater).

AT times I've had the notion that Tennyson could see into the future, got an advance few-down on my particular life, and as a result, wrote that very line.

Guess you've felt the same, too, whenever you've hit upon a similar quotation. Because there are times when work does seem to predominate and pleasure, plus the wherewithal to enjoy it, seem to disappear.

Not until you bump against someone who really HAS worked a lifetime do you get a more reasonable view of things.

That's just what happened to me last week.

I visited a man who was ninety-three last March, has lost his eyesight, but has retained his sense of humour, still holds himself erect, trims his moustache like a Guardsman, and spruces himself up like a man who could never lose his sense of honest pride.

He started work at the age of seven, worked like a galley slave until over seventy, "retired" to years of almost sleepless devotion to a sick wife, then, in addition to the loss of his life partner, found his eyesight rapidly failing, at eighty-four, if you please.

Yes, at seven years of age this man worked on the canals in Staffordshire, standing on a box so that he could see over

the low cabin of the barge, to steer it in mid-canal. . . .

Five-day journeys to London, starting at dawn, alternately walking with the horse or steering the barge until dusk; and the fatigue of the horse decided the day's ending. . . .

Being knocked into the canal by tow-rope, scrambling out, trying to dry clothes inside the small cabin during wet weather and on top of same in sunshine.

Longing to reach Paddington Basin (which he remembered being opened in 1856), where his mother could buy meat, make pastry for it, for him to take to the baker, who catered for the canal folk and produced luscious meat pies. Sometimes a box of bloaters provided luxurious fare for, alas, only a small part of the return journey.

Wages . . . well, his mother drew the family pay, and his share-out was the princely sum of tuppence per week, at twelve years of age.

There are two famous tunnels near Wolverhampton, one a mile and a half long, the other a mile; these had to be negotiated minus horse-power, the substitute being leg-power.

Large blocks of limestone were put into the centre of the boat and used as back-rests (what comfort!) for two persons who propelled the barge by pushing with their feet on the walls of the tunnel.

Leaving the canals at twelve, he went into a pottery, then at seventeen changed for the glass bottle business, where he almost sweated himself away.

More changes, each as hard as the other, found him at fifty-seven doing perhaps the hardest and hottest job of all, filling the "tanks" (resembling huge fire-brick swimming pools) with ingredients for making glass. . . . ninety-eight hours per week on the night shift and sixty-six on the day. . . . every one of them right at the mouth of a sweltering furnace. . . . so hot that a change of singlet was needed every hour.

The pay was 4s. 3d. for a thirteen-hour shift, and he stuck it until he was seventy, when he changed for a

slightly easier job, but a nasty accident more than counter-balanced any advantage.

Then "retirement," but no relaxation. He and his wife were most devoted, and his "labour of love" for her was done ungrudgingly.

Now, at ninety-three, he lives with his only daughter, who herself has had times more than the average share of troubles. . . . yet their parting words to me were, "We have a great deal to be thankful for."

Made me ask with Tennyson, "Ah, why should life all labour be?" but made me realise that I hadn't a darn leg to stand on in my case, though I imagined I'd roughed it.

Yet this man can sit, and, through his blinded eyes, look back. . . . and forward, and sing, "Count your many blessings."

Makes you think a little, doesn't it?

There are, I know, many cases like this, and I have only skimmed the surface.

It took me all my time to draw even these few facts out of. . . my grandfather.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

AL MALE.

PUZZLE CORNER

PAGE 1 OF Vol. I IS HERE

PAGE 100 OF Vol. III IS HERE



Answer to last week's Bookworm Puzzle.

One hundred pages is the answer to the Bookworm Problem. To eat through from Page 1 of Vol. I to Page 100 of Vol. III, the bookworm only eats through Vol. II.

H	A	N	A	S	D	E	T
H	E	G	U	T	L	U	S
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HIDDEN HEROES
Here are some names of famous heroes. The letters are in the right columns, but not in the right lines. Can you find them? Answer in next Sunday's issue.

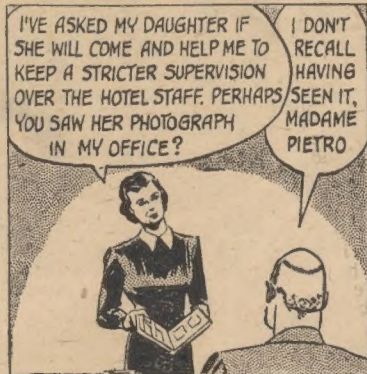
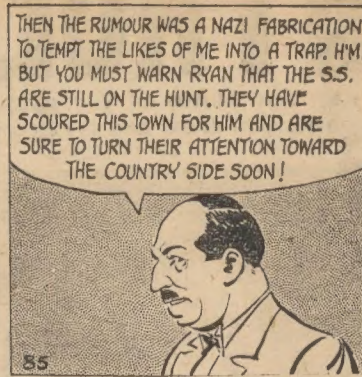
The fruit that can fall without shaking, indeed is too mellow for me. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1690-1762).

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. Robert Burns.

The fly that sips the treacle is lost in the sweets. John Gay (1688-1732).

Little strokes fell great oaks. Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790).

BUCK RYAN



Film Thrill Secrets

By JOHN FLEETWOOD

WHEN you see a cinema film with big scenes that thrill you to the marrow, and somebody tells you this realistic landslide is just a fake, or that honest-to-goodness explosion was just a fireworks display, ingeniously contrived, you feel inclined to disbelieve him.

But you'd be surprised how well and how often the film-makers fool you. Yet, so cleverly is it done that it is seldom possible to detect the fraud. Even when, greatly privileged, you are allowed to tour the studios and inspect the many dodges used to give the effect of realism, somehow you instinctively forget the artifices you have seen used as, later, you view the finished film.

Surprisingly simple are most of the counterfeits, so simple that you wonder how they could prove effective, until you see them working. Then you realise how ingenious they are.

The illusion of the roll of a ship at sea is often obtained by gently moving up and down and from side to side an enormous picture of the ocean which forms the background to the scene.

In those realistic fights when men give one another smashing blows with chairs and clubs, the blows are delivered all right—or almost. But the victims are spared all pain and discomfort by the use of furniture and clubs made from a spongy American pine-wood called balsa.

This timber is so soft and light in weight that you can lift a solid 20-foot beam as easily as a sack of feathers. Which also explains why a large, sturdy-looking vessel designed for shipwreck will break up on the rocks in the brief space of a few minutes.

How realistic an Oriental bazaar scene appears, with its accompaniments of domed and minareted mosques. The illusion, as often as not, is put over with a back-scene in the studio made up of hundreds of sectional photographs taken in the country of origin, brought home, enlarged, then jigsawed together to represent an enormous composite impression of the real scene.

WHENCE THOSE TEARS?

There are scores of similar deceptions, and as a privileged visitor you may see them all—or nearly all. But one secret is held inviolate in all studios. How do film stars weep copious tears to order? Nobody will divulge the method. Is it onions, pepper, or what? The visitor never gets any further than guessing.

Though there may be incidental fakes aplenty, many a film, to achieve the maximum of realistic effect, is taken on the actual scene of the film story, or at least in a country where the conditions are exactly similar.

"King Kong" was one of these. Another was "Trader Horn." When on location for this film, the company was in danger of being annihilated by a huge herd of hungry crocs. During the first night the players looked out on scores of blood-red eyes. The shot was never taken.

Breaking loose from the backwater where the film-players themselves had been trying to intern them till the weather cleared, the ferocious beasts charged down on their captors, who had to flee for their lives.

In certain noteworthy instances it is decided that the effect of absolute realism can be secured only by an honest rendering of the happenings. Before shooting the stupendous stunt scenes in many of these big pictures, the producer often spends many sleepless nights. Michael Curtiz has tramped the floor of his bedroom all night on the eve of a dangerous scene, for the prime ingredient of the Curtiz reputation is the shooting of danger scenes with the fewest casualties.

When he made the spectacular charge scene in the First National picture, "Charge of the Light Brigade," one of the most difficult and dangerous films ever produced, he staged a line of hundreds of horsemen galloping across an open plain into devastating artillery fire directed from a hill-top.

The effect of shells bursting among the charging cavalry was obtained by exploding mines laid in the plain. From a set of switches the mines were set off immediately before or behind the horses. The slightest miscalculation—and not one, but several of the riders, would have been "for it."

There was only one casualty; a horse stepped into a hole and threw its rider, who was badly bruised.

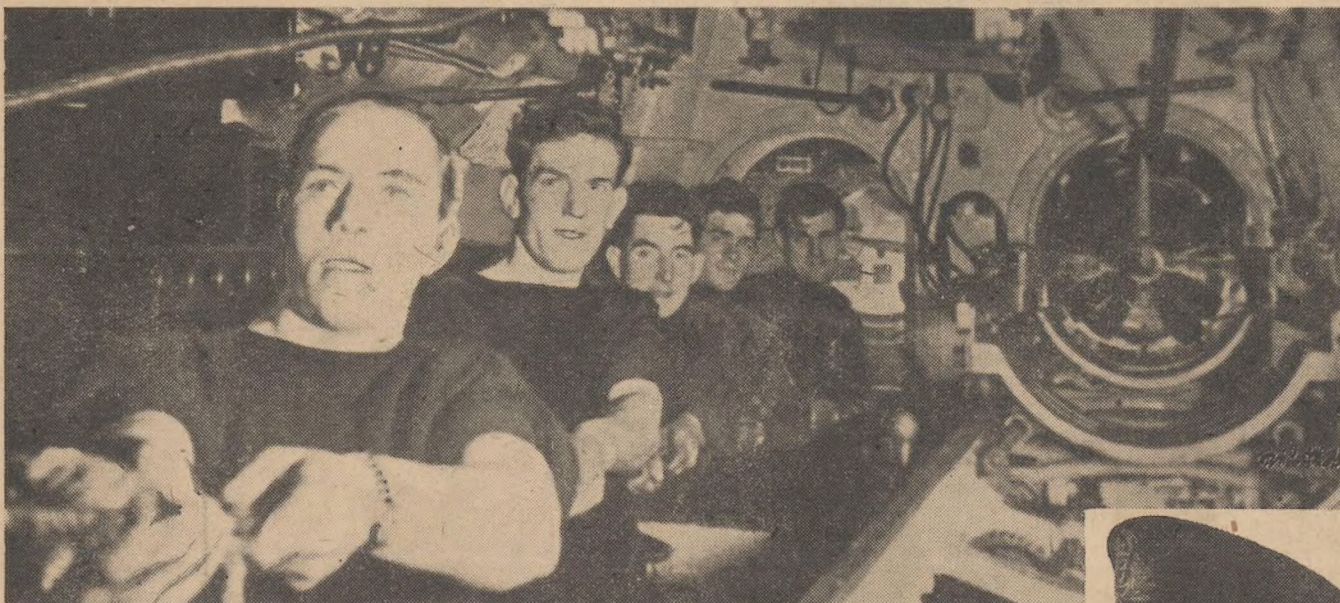
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Good Morning

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FILM FACES OF FIGHTERS

More of the scenes, and some of the actors from the film "Close Quarters." All the members of the submarine crew are serving Officers and Ratings of the Submarine Branch.



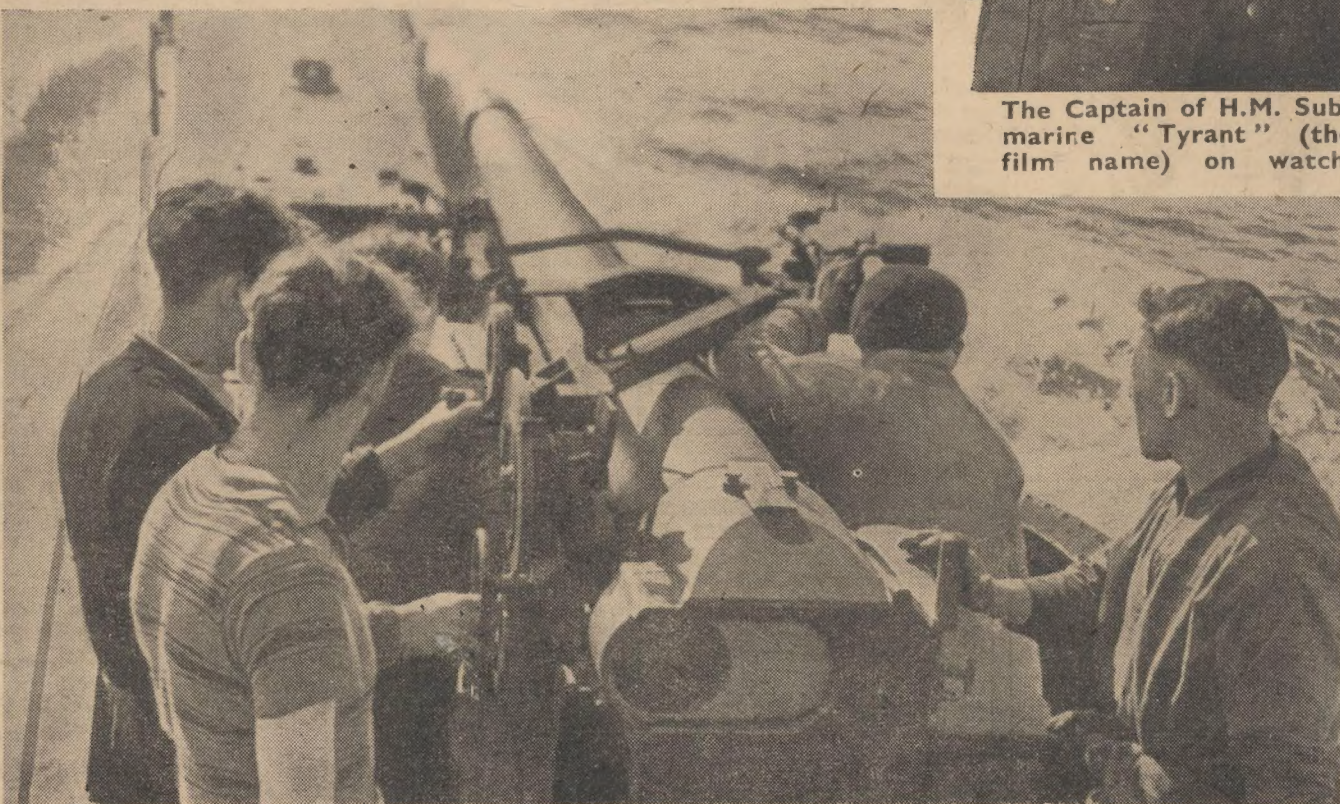
Used to pulling together, the fore-end crew load in a fish.



The first lieutenant and a member of the crew in the Control Room.



The Captain of H.M. Submarine "Tyrant" (the film name) on watch.



The submarine's gun crew in action. They did some pretty shooting in the film, and Jerry was at the wrong end of it!



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm making up for an audition with Sam Goldwyn."

